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"The Caves"

A Night wi' Burns

AND

OTHER POEMS

By

W. C. COUTTS.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK

1860.

To

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

AS A

SOUVENIR OF HIS VISIT TO AMERICA.

AND AS AN

EXPRESSION OF THE SYMPATHY AND SENTIMENTS

OF THE

Scottish Element

OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

BY THE AUTHOR.

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A NICHT WI' BURNS,

AND

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DEDICATION.

"Thus Envy, the vile hag, attacks my rhymes,
Swearing they shall not peep on distant times;
But violent indeed shall be the tussel."

PETER PINDAR, *Royal Tour, Preom.*

To them wha constitute the public,
Apology is due, I admit,
Frae ane wha sticks aneath its nose,
Without permission, rhyme, or prose;
Wha mounts its reverend snout astraddle,
Wi' his ain hobbies for a saddle,
Flaunts in its face his fusty wares,
Hits right and left and naething spares,
Lays on the lash without compunction,
While pen and ink are in conjunction,
And bores the public wi' his trash—
Himself at best an unco' fash.
Weel, public, since that's what they ca' ye,
I'm no' aware that e'er I saw ye.[1]

"Sma' loss!" ye'll say. I say the same;
So now we're quits, 'tis an even game.
I dinna covet your acquaintance,
'Tis said it oft leads to repentance.
I dinna care for you a bodle,
Nor a' the fykes that's in your noddle.
The following rhymes, wrote at my leisure,
Just for my individual pleasure,
Were ne'er designed to catch your favor,
For that's what I wad ca'd a haver.
In troth he's but a muckle gawkerel,
That throws his sprats to sic a mackerel;
Sae ye may read or leave't alane,
Nae ill is meant if nane is ta'en.
If reading, ye should feel aggrieved,
Just steek your een—think them deceived—
And skip the page that gives offence,
Then ye'll get credit for your sense;
Shut hard your teeth when like to swear,
Reserve your wrath, *bear* and for-*bear*.
I canna stop to beg your pardon,
I dinna value it a farthin';
Excuse me! but I dinna lee;
I am a Scot, and being free,

"Scot free" I therefore mean to write—
Whatever critics may indite.
But should thae cowlies feel pugnacious,
I wanna treat them sae ungracious
As no' to listen to their story,
Tho' I come aff wi' half the glory.
They say I use a caustic pen;
Suppose I do, aweel! what then?
Am I to throw my pen away
Because I hear a jackass bray?
'Deed, I'll do naething o' the kind,
I'll write what's upmost in my mind,
And winna blink the truth a bit,
Tho' sma' the thanks for that I get.
I'll speak richt oot just as I feel,
Tho' they should eat me at a meal.
If they've a chance, I have nae doot,
They'll do their best to *snuff me oot.*
They needna try't unless they like,
Lest they may get a bane to pike,
Wi' little meat an' muckle girsle,
That winna stand the sma'est birsle.
If girnin' mak's them ony fatter,
E'en let the straight-laced wretches clatter,

Like cocks when at a grosert jumpin',
We ken their meanin' by their mumpin'.
They'll find it waur than makin' speeches,
Aff *Hielandmen* to tak' the breeches.
I leave them wi' my benediction,
To play their part without restriction;
And should I happen to get trippet,
I winna yowel when I get whippet.
I'se hasten now my Dedication!
To honest folk, whate'er their station,
Creed, country, or denomination,
Wha value their ain guid opinion,
An' self-respect, 'boon king's dominion;
Wha winna *creep*, but *choose* to *gang*;
Wha love the Right an' hate the Wrang;
Wha dinna fear the "face o' clay"—
Tho' that's a michty thing to say!
But only fear the thing that's evil,
Wha speak the truth and shame the deevil;
Wha own nae man as their superior,
Because he has a fine exterior;
But exercise a little shrewdness,
And measure folk a' by their goodness;
Wha face their fate an' dinna grumble,

Ha'e honest pride, an' yet are humble—
That kind o' pride that's virtue's guard,
That forms a part of its reward,
Which elevates God's poorest creature,
And shines like light upon each feature;
Wha's word is never lightly plighted,
But when 'tis given is never slighted;
Wha's hearts are a' as big as mountains;
Wha's een micht a' be Pity's fountains;
Wha wi' the needy aye are willin'
To part an' share their hindmost shillin';
Wha ha'e a word to help the weary
And sair cast-down, to mak' them cheery;
Wha wadna wi' Corruption barter—
No, e'en to gain a star an' garter—
But plant their feet richt firm fornenst it,
An' set their face like flint against it;
Wha wadna', like a pouther monkey,
Submit to be anither's flunkey;
But look on labor as a duty—
No' as a curse imposed by Clootie.
To such I dedicate my Quair.
Now let them prove't as if by fire;
It's like the warld, it's a' before them;

I hope the readin' winna' bore them.
I think that ilka canty body,
Wi' head that isna' just ower muddy,
Of what I've wrote will, when they've try't,
Find oot what's meant, by what's implied.
An' now, before I say adieu,
I'll mak' ye a' an author's boo.
I hope you'll a' live mony years;
An' when ye leave for ither spheres—
Life's rochly road left far ahent ye—
May HE receive ye back, that sent ye.

"THE GAMES."

CLOSE by where "Hell Gate's" furious tide
Swirls roun' that Island wi' a stride,
Where puir, demented bodies bide,
An' rogues lie frantic,
Then stretches far from either side
To the Atlantic;

'Twas ere the leaves began to fa',
Ere Luna's rings betokened snaw,
Ere bitin' winds began to blaw,
That nip the breath,
An' tak' the auld an' frail awa'
To sleep in death:

While Indian simmer i' the sky
Cam' saft as love frae Beauty's eye,
Wi' sweet Æolean winds, that sigh
Alang the valley,
Close where the Sister cities lie,
The Clans did rally.

Not as of old, wi' jack an' spear,
Or targe an' claymore, come to clear
The land o' a' the hoarded gear,
An' sheep an' kye,
But as *athletæ* they appear,
Their *grit* to try.

To toss the cabar, put the stane,
To dance the sword-dance on the green,
To throw the hammer, ilka ane
Cam' to compete,
Wi' *mettle*, muscle, an' the bane
To do the feat.

We to the grun' cam' pair an' pair,
Wi' bagpipes skirlin' on the air,
Our hurdies an' our hochs were bare
To wind an' sky,
Hung round wi' *tartan curtains* rare,
O' mony a dye.

The Boston lads cam' on to see us,
Wi' mony mair wha's hearts were wi' us,
They had cam' on, they said, "to gi'e us
A frien'ly tussel,
An' carry aff the prizes frae us,
Just in a whistle."

Frae ower the wide expansive breast
O' wild prairie, i' the "Far West,"
They cam' in kilt an' sporran drest,
While on their shoon,
The *braw brass whangs* o' ilka guest
Shone like the moon.

Wi' dirk an' pistol at their belt,
There wasna' ane was there but felt
Worthy to represent the Celt
Of olden time,
An' hae their names a' nicely spelt
In Scottish rhyme.

The clerk wha hands the weather-guy,
His reputation did belie,
Wi' balmy atmosphere an' sky
He did us visit;
His favors, under which we lie,
Are no' to *sneeze* at.

Sol's genial beams cheered up us a'—
Some cheered themsel's wi' usquebaugh—
Some took it for "to kill a craw,"
Or cure the spleen,
While some just took "a drap" or twa
To clear their een.

As "blushing morn" the darkness chases,
The "bonnie lasses"—bless their faces!
Cam' there arrayed in *hoops* an' *laces*,
The "Games" to see,
Wi' a' the ither kindred graces
That tak' the ee.

Troth, they were *couthie*, blithe, an' sweet;
Some had a "tryste" their lads to meet,
Some dan'er't in just aff the street,
As if by chance,
While some cam' there wi' itchin' feet
To hae a dance.

Some cam' in black, an' some in brown,
Some had their auld guidman come roun'
To treat them to a braw new gown
To grace the day;
While some were "hizzies, on the town,"
And wha like they!

They cam' wi' beau an' fancy dog,
Wi' feathers bobbin' at their lug,
An' turlie-wurlies braw an' snug
Amang their hair;
Ye'd thocht, for sure, they were "big-bug,"
Wi' gowd to spare.

But wae's-a-me for a' the gowd!
The bonnie claes, in which they're row'd,
Serve but to mark them i' the crowd
Wherein they sit,
An' vera aften's a' the shroud
The puir things get.

Oh, wad they but tak' heed a wee,
Ere to Desire the reins they gi'e!
I aften think if they could see
Their latter end,
An' think upon the death they'll dee,
That they wad mend.

But man, ah! he's the ane transgresses;
There's naething guid but he professes;
Disguised in Truth, his suit he presses,
Till he can revel
In a' the fulsome, low excesses
That *mak'* a devil.

Tak' pity, ye wha boast yer sex,
An' on yer passions draw the snecks;
'Twere nobler far than makin' wrecks
O' Virtue's flower,
Which ne'er again, if anee it br'aks,
Can be made ower!

The "Games" began wi' Hielan' reels;
The folk were a' as souple's eels!
They lap, an' hooch'd like vera de'ils
That wadna spane;
Some had "the science" i' their heels,
An' some had nane.

A gowk, wha's lugs were *raither* big,
Like some yeld cow when it tak's the tig,
Cam' capering up to kiss our Meg;
Meg ga'm "a *wap*
Upon the wayme," an' tore his wig
Clean aff his sca'p.

"Na, na," quo' she, "na, na, guid fegs!
Ye mauna' think ye're kaimin' naigs;
Corn, my lad, is no for staigs,
Nor I for you.
I'se coup yer carcass ower the craigs,
Now, if ye do!"

His grumblin' guts ga'm muckle trouble—
Meg's "wap" had nearly made him double;
He sat him doun to greet an' bubble;
Folk cried, "For shame!
Are ye a man, an' sae ignoble?
Ye'd best gae hame!"

To toss the *cabar's* cumbrous rung,
Then mony a manly nerve was strung,
Full "fifty yards!" an' mair 'twas flung
By Bob McNie;
It pleased them a', baith auld an' young,
To see it flee.

As Boreas, when he's in a tift,
Grips some auld oak up by the scrift,
An' whirls it roun' high i' the lift,
Then lets it fa',
Bob hove the rung wi' a' his micht,
An' dang them a'.

An uglier toothpick ne'er was seen,
With which to ding oot teeth or een;
It cam' atween me an' the sheen;
An' when it fell,
It made a dent upon the green
As big's itsel'!

The pond'rous hammer, "fifty pun'!"
When it went aff, it took our wun';
We heard it fa' upon the grun'
A mile awa'!
That hammer hasna' yet been fun',
That's a'!

The folk, astonished, rubbed their een,
The like o't they had never seen;
Then formin' "twa-ply" on the green,
An' arm'd wi' sticks,
Toss'd up a ba' their ranks between,
To gie't it's licks.

But what a brussle then begins,
Ilk ane looks oot noo for his shins;
Aff gangs the ba', an' ilk ane rins
As if demented,
Fast as a fox mak's for the whins,
Wi' dogs ahint it.

They surge, they boil, like wave o' ocean,
An' aften turn in backward motion,
As tho' a bombshell had a notion
To gar them fa';
Their rungs flee roun' in wild commotion
Aboot the ba'.

Still hetter grows the frien'ly battle,
Each grips mair hard his hard whin wattle,
They gar the ba' to jink an' rattle
High i' the air,
An' knock it, like a weaver's shuttle,
Baith here an' there.

There's some gat coupet i' the dirt,
An' some cam' oot o't *but* their shirt.
I didna' hear that ane gat hurt,
For a' the tulzie,
Exceptin' only Tammie Burt,
The Gaberlunzie.

Tam had a poke o' tautie peelin's;
Tam wasna hurt, 'twas "Tammie's" *feelin's;*
Tam gat the skins by honest dealin's;
An', to be brief,
Some callants coup'd them 'gainst the sheilin's,
To Tammie's grief.

Tam ettled hard to *put* the stane;
But, bein' fou, his nerve was gane;
He let it fa' slap on the bane,
An' tore his claes.
It cured the corns, every ane,
On Tammie's taes.

He limpet like a reisted gander,
An' roun' amang the crowd did wander,
To seek his spouse; an', when he fand her,
Began to swear;
But she just leuch, which "raised his dander"
To swear the mair.

She ca'd puir Tam a drucken villain,
That aye was bluid, or whiskey, spillin';
Wha ne'er was richt, except when swillin'
The het "potteen;"
An' ne'er wad do to tak' the shillin',
Or serve the Q——n.

Ayont the plantain, in a hovel,
Whar nane could come their birse to ruffle,
Twa-three had row't up in a muffle
The *muckle drum*,
An', beatin' time, danced "double shuffle"
Aside the *lum*.

The *drumly music* finely suited
The time an' place an' a' aboot it—
Ane closed his nieve an', on it tooted,
To help the band!
While ithers danced an' roar'd, an' shouted:
"L—d, man, it's grand!"

When tired o' loupin', an' unco happy,
They a' fell oot to ha'e a drappy;
For troth they needed something sappy
To wat their corn.
They passed the whiskey in a cappie,
Made o' nowte horn.

Doon on their hunkers ilk ane claps;
They tap the ale, they rive the baps,
They tak' the kebbuck on their laps,
An' cut "a whang,"
Syne pass it to their neebor chaps
Richt straucht alang.

Noo at each ither hard they rail—
The gibe an' joke went wi' the ale—
Noo a sang, an' then a tale,
An' syne the whiskey;
The de'il ane thocht to shorten sail
I' sic a pliskie.

They played their pranks on Jamie Dun;
They ramm'd "five cartridge" in his gun.
"There noo!" quo' they, "gae, try for fun
If it'll shoot!"
It laid Jim straucht oot on the grun',
An' sprain'd his coot.

Jim eyed askance the reekin' musket,
Till ane reached forth his hand to clutch it:
"Stand back! stand back!" cried Jim; "don't touch it—
Lord, man, ye're daff!
Four times mair, altho' it's bursted,
It's to gang aff!"

"Bursted!" quo' they; "it's a gun extension—
Deserves a patent an' a pension;
Just bring it to the court's attention,
An' ne'er mind scorners;
It's a braw, new-fun'-oot, fine invention
To shoot roun' corners!"

The cleikit barrel was a caution;
Ane speer'd gin it was "a new fashion;"
This roused puir Jim to sic a passion,
Lame as he was,
He to his feet, an' ga'm a thrashin'
An' smack'd his jaws.

Puir Nancy Dawson gat a fleg;
A grousome tyke admired her leg;
He dawted her, an' ca'd her Meg;
But Nance was wary—
She slippet aff his philibeg,
An' kept the quarrie.

She watched her chance; syne aff wi' Sawny,
To hae "a lager" braw an' canny.
She little dreamt that jealous Fanny
Was on their track.
Ere they had half drained oot their cannie,
Fan boldly spak':

"Ye nasty, draiglet, droukit louse!
How daur ye do't? Gae, leave the house!
I hae a hunder minds to souse
Ye in you river!"
"Keep me!" quo' Nance; "ye're unco crouse.
Losh, lass, ye're clever!

"But tent ye, lass, if Fan's yer name,
I'se let ye see, at that same game
Twa' folk can play as weel as ane.
Just bide a wee!
Fa's in the faut an' fa's to blame
Fouk soon sal see!"

Sae at it they went wi' a wull,
When, in a crack, the house was full.
The tufts o' hair an' lumps o' skull
Flew thick as midges;
An' some wha's courage soon gat dull
Gat in the fidges.

Puir Fanny in a trice went down;
Nance claucht her firmly by the crown;
The house seem'd fleein' roun' an' roun';
When in the crushie
The *Stars* cam' shinin' frae the town,
An' stopp'd the stuchie.

The best performance for the crowd,
As far's I could judge, was "*Interlude.*"
I judged the chap was pretty shrewd
Wha *invented* eatin'.
At it we a' perform'd sa guid
That nane were beaten.

But, gracious, how things disappeared!—
Fish, flesh, an' fowl—faith! I grew feared
The folk in town wad at us speered:
"Whar's a' yer buttons?"
Or cried, soon's ever we appeared:
"The gutsy gluttons!"

The ginge'bread snaps, an' farthin' cookies,
The cakes o' parlie, roke, an' sweeties,
That had been brought frae distant cities,
Upon a venture,
A' fand a market free frae duties,
An' frae mischanter.

Tripe, cauliflower, an' smeekit haddies,
Fresh speckled troot, brought for the leddies,
An' scones an' "sour krout" frae McCready's,
Doon i' the houff;
Wi' shortbread farles, frae lang Kirkaldy's,
Went doon wi' douf.

While we sat bousin' on the hicht,
We witness'd Chiarini's flicht.
I deem'd the feat an eerie sicht,
On yon ticht string
To dance, far up, mang things o' licht,
The "Hielan' Fling."

Twa hunder feet up i' the air,
Wi' legs an' arms an' bosom bare,
I wonder yet how he could dare
To risk his life.
I'm fear'd he'd nane for whom to care—
Nae bairns nor wife.

I wish him baith, an' routh o' goods,
An safely oot o' Jones's Woods,
Lest Fortune, in her kittle moods,
Wi' him should thraw,
An' drap him doon oot o' the cluds,
"As dead's a maw."

Lang may he live an' aye be merry,
Hae plenty o' frien's wi' plenty o' "sherry,"
An' as muckle siller as he can carry,
Aye for to spend;
An' that his feet should e'er miscarry,
The Lord forefend.

The "Games" were going on *a-pace*,
The lads were strippet for the race;
Some tied in pokes a' but their face,
Like sacks o' flour.
'Twere hard to see in ony case
Their heels for stoure.

They started aff, some four or five;
'Twas ae mile heat—how they did strive!
Then back again they cam' belyve,
Wi' reekin' hides;
While ilk ane's elbows poke an' drive
Their neebors' sides.

Some ran awhile, an' syne they rested—
Their dinners no bein' weel digested.
'Twas Goldie wad hae gat the best o't,
But, wi' a swither,
His foot misga'e, an' he was warsted
Somehow or ither.

The chaps then followed i' the sacks—
Their heads was a' was aboon decks;
Some fell an' nearly broke their necks,
Havin' missed their foot,
An', like a "beilin," when it breaks,
They were *let oot.*

The fun set ilk ane's sides a-shakin'.
As for mysel', my jaws were achin';
I felt like gi'en some chield a paikin'
"To keep my hand;"
But a' seem'd thrang their drouths a-slakin',
Like beds o' sand.

The next race was ower "hurdle palin',"
Whan ilk ane warslin' ower the railin',
Wi' heels ower head, went ower it sailin',
An' just as gleg
As laddies, when at orchard scalin',
They get a fleg.

The curves an' angles which their buttocks
Cut i' the air defied rheumatics,
An' a' the powers o' mathematics,
An' algebra.
'Twas a grand display of *air* aquatics
As e'er I saw.

Miller, wi' a grace was a' his ain,
Went ower them a' an' ower again,
To imitate him some were fain,
But cam' far short.
Peccavi! they wi' micht an' main
Began to *dorte.*

Like foals, when "breakin'" i' the harrows,
The dorty chiels were yok'd in barrows,
The de'il o' me e'er saw their marrows
For daft-like capers;
They minded me o' new-flown sparrows
Ill wi' the vapors.

They started aff atween the trams
As blind as bats, as quiet as lambs;
Straucht forret pushed, till on their hams
They were broucht *up*,
Just like as mony puttin' rams,
Or senseless tup.

Each swore his barrow wheel was twisted;
How they'd gane gleyde, as yet, they wist not;
But sure enough, the goal, they'd missed it;
They'd "try again!"
"Be hanged, the grund has got a *list* in't!"
Cried Jock McLean.

"Nae won'er I had sic a faught,
To hurl the barrow and keep it straucht!"
Here some o's "ahem'd," an' ithers "haugh'd,"
An' held our breeks.
I'm sure his puir auld blind horse lauch'd
At him for weeks.

Ye could ha'e tied us wi' a straw,
At mention o' the "barrow thraw;"
To save our sides we risk'd our jaw,
An' let aff steam.
We couldna stop for love nor law,
But had to scream.

Some on the grund were lyin' sprawlin',
Where, haudin' fast to *keep frae fallin'*,
Indulged the most effectual bawlin'
At Jock's expense.
Jock swore he'd gi'e them sic a maulin'
As would learn them sense.

But here the pipes ga'e sic a skirl,
The vera grund began to dirl;
Down went the barrows wi' a birl,
'Mid grunts an' squeels;
Jock bounced aff like "a six-foot squirrel"
That's *tint* its meals.

Noo "caber-fae" their heels inspire;
The glitterin' blades lay A-SALTIRE;
They at it there as teuch as wire,
In limb an' body,
Till frae each pore they a' perspire
Like reekin' toddy.

Each kittle kink was weel discanted;
The lookers-on were a' enchanted;
Wi' easy grace some's feet were planted,
As roun' they loupet;
Some placed them whar they werena' wanted,
An' ower they coupet.

The splore wund up wi' "Mony-Musk"—
Nae mair the "Solo dance" they whisk,
But ilk ane toe'd it till the dusk;
Then, to gang hame,
They started aff themselves to busk,
Ere they gat lame.

But just afore we cam' awa',
I made a speech wi' great *eclat:*
"Ye bonnie lads an' lasses a',
Ye do inherit
Yer forebears' virtues great an' sma',
An' martial spirit.

"We're canny Scotch folk far frae hame—
For that, we needna blush for shame—
We're true as steel to the back-bane,
An' ne'er denied
Our country, kindred, or name,
Nor them belied.

"Let them wha hint 'Auld Scotia's sick,'
Wha air their notions ance a week,
Just let them come an' tak' a keek
At us ower here,
An' 'chiels that winna ding' will speak
An' prove them l—r.

"Auld Scotland ne'er was mair prolific,
Nor yet in battle mair terrific;
No, nor mair disposed to be pacific
Than she is now.
"Leave me alane" is the specific
That gars her grow.

"We've mony little Scotlands here,
Wha their 'auld mither' deep revere;
Should she e'er need it, tak' nae fear
But she'll be helpit,
An' a' that daur to meddle wi' her
Get nicely skelpit.

"Far aff in their adopted hames,
Her bairns see her in their dreams,
An' e'en, I'm tauld, the vera weans
That ca' her 'grannie,'
When ony daur to ca' her names,
Look far frae *canny.*

"The Fates—thae bairns o' the mist—
Ha'e forced anew Pandora's kist;
An' by-an'-by we'll get the gist
O' what it means.
It seems to me, they'll play at whist
Wi' Kings an' Queens.

"Aff i' the East the torch o' war
Has bleezed up like a barrel o' tar,
An' nearly coupit Neptune's car—
Britannia's boast—
An' sent it reelin', hull an' spar,
On China's coast.

"We smell the smeek o't nearer hame:
The French—de'il bring them muckle shame!—
Ha'e sworn the British lion to tame,
Or ken the reason.
A perjured loon—Nap is his name—
Hatches the treason.

"This hollow peace'll no' last lang;
In fact, it's no worth 'an auld sang.'
Nap an' his "*Lordship's*" far ower thrang.
The nasty viper!
He'll maybe ha'e to 'ride the stang,'
An' pay the piper.

"He's got his cannon ready by him—
I'm sure he's itchin' for to try them;
Wha think na sae, do sair belie him,
I'm gay'n fear'd;
But 'for a' that' we do defy him—
Aye, to his beard!

"*Say* what they like, France *means* 'invasion;'
But let them try't—it's my persuasion
Thae French will lang hae guid occasion
To rue the day,
Gin they wake up the British nation
Wi' sic a play.

"The boasted 'Zouaves,' they're but loons;
Should they e'er gang to sack our towns,
There's plenty there wad crack their crowns,
The Lord be praised!
An' send them back 'mang the baboons,
Whar they were raised.

"Far aff on Afric's *dingy* shore,
Whar monkies grin an' lions roar,
They *raise* them by the hunder score,
Frae year to year,
Without a bit o' Christian lore
Or Godly fear.

"They dan'er there thro' tangled woods,
An' strut aboot sae scant o' duds,
That e'en to cover up their fuds
They think a haver;
An' when *they* quarrel an' come to thuds,
Losh! 'nane are braver!'

"They practice shootin' at their shadow,
Till it's pinn'd to a tree; or maybe
They split the hair upon their daddy's
Auld grey pow.
They'd better, as I said already,
Hang whar they grow!

"A streak o' lichtnin' clean in twa
They claim to cut wi' rifle ba';
An' tho' ae half o't 'mang them fa',
They winna stere!
The ither half then sneaks awa',
An' shakes wi' fear!

"Thus, when ye hear a clap o' thun'er,
Be sure the lichtnin's ta'en a sconner
At some sharp-shootin' Zouavish gunner,
Wha's garn't squeel.
When that's the case, is't ony won'er
It shuns their steel?

"What mak's thae chaps sae fierce an' kittle,
Is a new-invented ugly whittle;
The patent's claimed by Nap the Little—
The clever lad!
I'm fear'd his patent's *raither* brittle
To stand a *daud*.

"For auld John Bull he claims to use it—
Tho' whiles, like Nap, he may abuse it—
What Johnnie claims, he'll seldom loose it
While pouther's guid.
Nane poke their fun at him but rue it,
Aft i' their bluid.

"This terrible new-fangled weapon,
John used lang syne, e'er Nap was creepin',
Wi' the best bluid kept wat an' dreipin'
Of '*Ma Belle France*,'
John hangs it up, in glory steepin',
In bluidie trance.

"Of Abram's heights, where Montcalm fell,
Where Wolfe led on an' dee'd himsel',
I think that history can tell
A gaye plain story;
There's nae mistak', it was oursel's
Got a' the glory.

"On mony a ither field beside,
Before, an' since, I say't wi' pride,
By mony a far-aff bleak hill-side,
The warld o'er,
We've stemm'd the battle's ragin' tide
On mony a shore.

"There's 'Inkerman' still taints the air
Wi' a' the dead that's buried there;
The French cam' up in time to share
In our renown;
Yet hear them, how they blaw an' swear
'*They* took the town!'

"By Salamanca's tottering wa',
Where reelin' battlements did fa',
Where Death ope'd up his hungry maw
On each assaulter!
Tell me, was it Bull, or Crapeau
Was the defaulter?

"On Egypt's blood-stain'd, slippery beach,
Our bayonets cleared the deadly breach;
There ane could scarce tell which was which,
A friend or foe—
They managed to get oot o' reach
A mile or so.

"At 'Waterloo'—that grand protest
Against the *braggadocio pest*—
The 'Invincibles,' wi' steel-clad breast,
Cam' doon like hail.
That they cam' aff the 'second-best'
Is a gaye true tale.

"*Scotia* was there! in the front rank;
Tho' hotly press'd in rear an' flank,
An' charged in front, she never shrank,
Nor turned her head:
She closed her ranks—filled up each blank
The bullets made.

"But, when the word to 'charge' was given,
Like angry thunderbolt that's driven
Out o' the vengeful bow of heaven,
With loud huzza,
And bayonets levelled straucht an' even,
She cleared the way.

"'Up! guards, and at them' the command;
'Charge, now, for God and fatherland!'
'Twas Scotia led, claymore in hand,
In deadly wheel;
What power on earth could e'er withstand
Her glittering steel?

"Thus has it been for ages past,
We gang in first, we come oot last,
The battle-fiend gets his repast
Sae lang's we're there;
For, while the pibroch's on the blast,
We dinna spare.

"Should Nap e'er visit Scotia's coast
Wi' ill intent, he's gane an' lost!
We'll meet him there wi' sic a host
O' fechtin' billies,
We'll leave him—no, not e'en the ghost
O' a' his gillies.

"The heather tak's a deeper bloom
When it grows ower a foeman's tomb;
It blushes that it should mak' room
To hide a foe.
Nap's fate is wove in Ruin's loom,
If there he go.

"The 'barley bree' will be the fatter;
We'll ha'e the richer milk an' butter;
We winna mind an auld wife's clatter
Aboot the banes,
But hap them up as ora matter,
Aneath the stanes.

"Our bairns, when they get their wulls,
Can mak' a cairn o' the skulls;
By that time, we'll be 'mang the hulls
O' the creation,
Whar reivin' foeman canna pull's
Oot o' our station."

Here, findin' I was gettin' saft,
I waived the subject, fore an' aft,
Lest folk might think that I was daft,
At seein' me greetin'.
For Scotia's weel our blessin's wafted
Frae that meetin'.

A NICHT WI' BURNS.

Last nicht I gaed soon to my bed,
The De'il or Burns cam' in my head,
I kenna which; but what was said
Ye'll ken richt soon,
For soon's the ærial thing had fled
I wrote it doon.

Sleepin' or wakin', I canna tell,
Whether 'twas his wraith, or Rab himsel',
I didna' speer. Ye ken yersel'
'Twadna been ceevil—
Besides—nae maiter, I ken mysel'
'Twasna the deevil.

"Losh, man!" says he, "ye're awfu' dull;
What fashious notion's in your skull?
Last nicht, I'm sure, ye had your full
O' sweet orations."
Hold on, says I, there, pree my mull,
But spare my patience.

O Robin, man! my heart is sair;
The ither nicht, wi' twa-three mair,
I to the Astor did repair
To ha'e my dinner.
I wus' ye had yersel' been there,
Ye unco sinner!

Ye'd laugh'd till ye'd got a sair wame,
They han'lt sae yer honor'd name,
An' blaw'd on't like a trump o' fame
For their ain glory—
Though some o' them were puir an' lame
At oratory.

A brither poet o' the day,
Did you an honest tribute pay,
His speech it wad ha'e graced a Clay
O' memory bricht;
I only wish there had been mae
Like him that nicht.

Then ithers, fast as they could rift,
Though everybody saw their drift,
Lifted ye far aboon the lift,
Great fame to gi'e ye;
Nae doot they thought they'd mak' a shift
To share it wi' ye.

Ae chap, wha had mair spunk than sense,
Spak kindly. Pshaw! 'twas a' pretence;
'Fore a' was done, he in defence,
Said he had lee'd,
Took back his words—deil tak' his mense—
He should been fee'd.

I thought that nane, *that nicht*, would daur
To ope a wound or rip a scar,
But this bauld barrister did waur—
Poor, dead Rab!
He spattered a' yer name wi' glaur,
The dirty daub.

Our worthiest guests he ca'd "a pack
O' hypocrites." Just in a crack,
Soon's they were gane, 'twas thus he spak.
We thought him gassin'.
He stabb'd them a' behind their back,
The vile assassin.

But Francis spak' up like a man;
O'er a' yer checkered life he ran,
An' each redeeming point did scan
Till it waxed greater,
Then lightly touched, wi' gentle han',
Yer weaker natur'.

When to yer calf ground, on a tour,
He sought mementos hour by hour,
And stored his mind's capacious power,
And it adorned
Wi' what he out that nicht did pour,
Just like a torrent.

Eh, man! my heart was in my mouth,
I was sae proud. It quenched my drouth
To hear him tell how, in yer youth,
When forced to flee,
Ye aye stuck staunchly by the truth,
"An' scorn'd to lee."

Now Osgood trod fast on his heel,
Wi' wit that flashed like shining steel,
He rumsched them a' up at a meal
Wha wad defame ye,
An' set us 'maest dancin' a reel
Wha loved to claim ye.

Upon our ears his logic fell,
Like tinkling o' a siller bell,
Fu' weel he could your pæan swell
But stint or measure,
And held us a' as in a spell
O' downricht pleasure.

The Press was represented there,
An' Greeley, he sat near the chair;
He said some things surpassin' fair,
But aye kept hintin'
That "Rabin owed his fame an' mair,
To art o' printin'.

"For mony a thousan' ne'er wad ken't him,
Had printin' no a shouther lent him,
An' into mony a palace sent him—
An' dark log cabin.
In fine," he said, "the Press best ken't him,
An' best lo'ed Rabin."

Ye'd heard a pin drap on the floor
While Young discoursed on days o' yore—
O' Poets a' that gaed before,
"Chaucer" an' "Pindar,"
"Will Shakspere," an' anither score
Time left behind her.

Suspended on his breath we hung,
The pearls cam' drappin' frae his tongue,
At "Rabin's" name the rafters rung;
An' ilka man
Declared the speaker, "Willie Young,"
A. No. 1.

For when he'd made o' them a pile,
Yet, addin' to them, a' the while,
It gar'd the *dourest o' us smile*,
When he let fa',
"A ploughman laddie, born in Kyle,
Owertapped them a'."

The Queen's most loyal servant, true,
Was fairly puzzled what to do;
Whether to Her Majesty or you
To give the preference,
'Till in his lug the hint we blew
To split the difference.

Then our grand Marshall to the scene
Broucht judgment clear an' wit sae keen,
The Gordian knot he cut sae clean
Ane scarce could know it;
"Her Majesty was Britain's queen,
You, king o' poets."

St. Andrew's sons were there a-plenty,
'Twas in "lang-syne" that ilk ane kent ye,
An' they had come to represent ye
Wi' sang an' storie;
A blyther chiel ne'er cam' ahent ye,
Than Adam Norie.

He's lang been kent throughout the land
As chieftain o' a noble band,
Wha to the wark gae heart an' hand
To help the needy;
Whan aucht's to do, they dinna stand,
But do it speedy.

But time, in fact, wad fail to tell
Wha a' drank at your muse's well,
Ae chap got up for Richard Bell,
A la Dirck Hatt'rick,
Took up the cudgels for himsel'
An' for St. Patrick.

'Twas Fisher rose, himself a host,
"His friend," he said, "being from his post
Wha should have answered to the toast—
'The Ladies fair!'
He feared he'd wandered, an' got lost,
Or gane elsewhere."

But he, himself, "being void of art,
The ladies' interests had at heart,"
He loved to rise upon their part
Whene'er occasion
Gave him a chance to do it smart,
Minus persuasion.

"Mister President," said he, "I never proved a-*miss*
To them, the source of all our bliss;
I hope on such a night as this
They'll be respected."
He said the fault should not be his
Were they neglected,

And that he only rose to make
Those few remarks for duty's sake,
And hoped that none offence would take
At the sma' freedom.
"God bless the ladies, for *our* sake—
How much we need them!"

A glib auld carle ca'd Ver——k,
In a' our estimations sank;
While yet he spak', his health we drank,
That he micht ken
He was nae better than a blank
'Mang ither men.

But de'il a hint the gowk wad tak',
He kept us a' upon the rack—
Took a hale hour, an' mair, to crack,
For a' our jeer,
Tho' what the doited haverel spak'
There's nane could hear.

The reverend clergy, to a man,
Adopted each a better plan;
They cut it short, syne aff they ran
'Boot ane o'clock:
'Twas after that the fun began
Wi' ither folk.

Losh, man! how they did rant an' craw
Aboot the man they never saw;
'Twas easy done: ye were awa—
The L—d had ta'en ye;
Tho' faith! if ye could on them ca',
They wadna ken ye.

O, Robin, man! wha lo'e ye weel,
Will aye toward you as brithers feel;
Ye were a man as true as steel,
Tho' sair misca'd,
An' on yer freens ne'er turned yer heel,
Whate'er yer fau't.

Scotia's maest gifted, wayward bairn!
I'se lay my meed upon your cairn;
Each day I live the mair I learn,
My Frien'! my Brither!
Ye were a man beyond compairin'
Wi' ony ither.

If it were sae ye still were livin'—
Tho', thank the L—d, ye're noo in h—n,
Where a' yer failin's bein' forgiven,
Ye sweetly sing,
Tho' "deadly sins" to number seven
Men at ye fling.

If ye were livin' an' on the spree,
As doubtless ye wad sometimes be,
How very quickly they wad flee
Wi' supple feet—
These same divines—were they to see
Ye on the street.

They'll screed us aff wi' "Bible whine"
'Boot "Hieland Mary" an' "Lang-syne,"
Orations at sae much the line,
An' whan they're through,
Ere ever they gang hame to dine,
They'll wash their mou'.

"Hush, man!" says Rab; "I heard their clamor,
They'll smother yet in their ain glamour,
Could it be done, these same wad damn her—
Sweet Poesy!
Come down upon them like a hammer,
An' do't for me."

Do it?—quo' I—I'll spoil their whistles,
I'll gar them trow they sleep on thistles,
Their kytes weel crammed wi' hurcheons' bristles,
An' tight's a drum;
Tho' for't I ha'e some gey teugh tussels
In times to come.

E'en had they millions in their coffer,
The de'il-a-mair respect I'd proffer,
But treat them as I wad a loafer
O' sma' repute,
Or ony insane "Bible scoffer,"
Or de'il's affshoot.

They flyte for rifles for the niggars,
They carble just like bluidy teegurs,
They're waur than the insidious chigres
O' southern climes,
They fleech an' preach, e'en heaven beleaguers,
A' for the dimes.

"Bravo!" cried Rab; "now I'll awa';
Avoid thae birkies o' the law,
Lest they in trouble should you draw
Wi' libel suits;
Some ither day I'll on you ca';
Guid-by! frien' Coutts."

A great deal mair that might been spoken
Was left unsaid, the mair betoken,
The folk might think I was but jokin';
But that's no' sae.
I'm rinnin' o'er and nearly chokin'
Wi' plenty mae.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL TO HIS CAT.

A HINT TO AN INCOMING NEW *SUB.*

Ye're welcome, baudrons, to our sanctum!
Ye've heard o' our ex-sub? the bantum!
How some o's yoket to, to spank him,
An' skelp'd his d—p;
Sin' syne, as "sub" we dinna rank him;
He's got a *coup.*

See! there's his chair, it's got "To Let" on't;
L—d pity ye whan ance ye get on't,
Ye'll fin' your breeks grow wondrous het on't,
An' *raither* warm;
Gin ye keep *copy* back, I bet on't,
Ye's come to harm!

We deevils waited nicht an' day,
Till we were mulct in half our pay,
An' a' our patience oozed away,
For *copy* stinted;
For that's the game the gowk *wad* play—
At least so it's hinted.

His glowkit, glowrin', vacant stare
Has got "To Let" on't, like his chair,
But de'il a-muckle gumption's there,
Or copy either;
The fact is, he has nane to spare,
O' tane or tither.

A habit learned in his youth—
This is 'tween oursel's, but, faith, it's truth!
It was his d—d inordinate drouth
That proved his ruin;
His hand *wad* travel to his mouth,
Aye! e'en when speuin'.

Twa things at ance he aimed to do—
Viz.: to keep sober an' yet get fou.
Tho' incompatible, he knew,
Wi' sense or reason—
The line of compromise he drew—
'Twas doonricht treason!

But you, I hope, ken to behave;
Ye needna' wink an' look sae grave!
Winking but becomes a knave
That's bent on evil;
Wha stick by truth are ever brave,
An' *sometimes* ceevil.

Now Pussy, just tak' my advi—haud doon yer paw!
In a' my life I never saw
A cat sae hostile to the law,
An' prone to evil!
It's no for such as you to claw
A printer's deevil!

Ye're a bonnie offischer, indeed!
An' come, I fear, o' nae guid seed—
Begotten in extreme o' need,
For some sma' end;
Ye'll ha'e to mend your ways wi' speed,
My feline friend.

Gin ye behave, ye'll be respecket;
De'il ane 'll speer whar ye were clecket;
But if ye don't, we'll tan yer jacket,
For much I fear
Your education's been neglecket,
'Fore you cam' here.

Your fau'ts at lairge I needna' mention;
Should you e'er merit reprehension,
We'll quickly bring you to "attention,"
Wi' little *form;*
Gin ye stint *copy* through contention,
We'll raise a storm.

But, if ye've sense to tak' a lesson,
Nor ask "what matter?" when "*matter's pressin'*,"
Ye'll ha'e the "printer's deevil's" blessin',
An' that's no sma'!
Deserve it, chitt! it's worth possessin',
Mak' nae fraca'!

THE WARNING.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR.

NOTE.—This song and the one which follows it—The Song of the Sybil—were written as far back as February, 1859. The inauguration of the Volunteer Rifle Corps, since that period, forms a most appropriate answer to them. Lord Palmerston's speech before Parliament, on the National Defences, does not contain much more than is included in these two songs.

OH, Scotia dear, the future's full of trouble;
Guard thou thy freedom as in days of yore;
Contending nations shall go down like stubble—
Shall be wiped out, and shall exist no more.
Foemen MAY come, numerous as the sand.
Men MAY be wanting to defend the land.

Increase thy sons against the day of battle;
From every hill and solitary glen
Drive forth the stupid sheep, exclude the cattle,
And in their place train up athletic men,
Lest foemen come, numerous as the sand,
And men be wanting to defend the land.

Thy children, from the soil, shall earn a fair subsistence,
And cause thy wastes to smile beneath the plough,
And, in the hour of need, preserve thee in existence
Prominent among the nations as thou art now.
Then though they come, numerous as the sand,
No foe shall live to defile the land!

'Mid the rude grandeur of thy rugged bosom,
Thy mighty mountains, silent, bleak, and stern,
Preserve a place where "Liberty" may blossom
As it was wont amid thy heath and fern.
Though foemen come, numerous as the sand,
A host of freemen will defend the land!

Then shall thy braves, from wild terrific valleys,
Nursed for the conflict 'mid the rocks and snow,
Like falling cataracts, in their war sallies,
Bring swift destruction down upon the foe.
Then though they come, numerous as the sand,
No foe shall live to defile the land!

In conflicts past, protracted, stern, and bloody,
Where keenest valor, valor overcame,
Thy tartans aye in victory flaunted ruddy
On every field of death where'er they came.
Then let them come! though numerous as the sand,
No foe shall live to defile the land!

THE SONG OF THE SYBIL.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR.

AWAKE, oh ye Britons! there's treachery pending;
Awake ere thy vitals a sharp sword is rending;
For while all unconscious of danger thou'rt sleeping,
The foe the long vigils of vengeance are keeping.

Their horsemen are ready, their pennons are streaming,
And their eagles e'en now for the quarrie are screaming,
And the spectre of Empire stalks forth to lead them;
With the flesh of the brave he's promised to feed them.

And grim, gaunt, and bloody, to battle he's striding,
The corpse of a nation behind him is riding,
And steadily on thee by stealth they're advancing,
Their weapons like moonlight on water are glancing.

Awake from thy torpor and clear up thy vision!
Await not their coming, act now with decision;
Fear not the encounter, be ready to meet them,
For lo! *it is written*, "The vultures shall eat them!"

THE PÆAN.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE M. WOOLSEY.

Lord, I come, my spirit's willing,
I would not linger now nor stay;
Angel forms around me clinging,
Bid me haste and come away.

One by one the ties are breaking
That my spirit's flight restrain;
All the powers of hell are shaking;
Lord, I come to thee again.

Life's dark sea of troubled waters,
Where no resting place I find,
And the land of doubts and shadows,
I am leaving far behind.

Now the mists of Death dispelling,
I can see the other shore,
Where unnumbered hosts are swelling
Hallelujahs! evermore!

LET ME REST ON HER BOSOM.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR.

Let me rest on her bosom that loves me the dearest,
And yield up my soul to delicious repose;
Let her arms entwine me and fold me the nearest
To her heart when with Love's tender passion it glows.

When Mary is near me how sweet is the feeling
Which bids my sad spirit awake to delight;
And when from her lips the sweet kisses I'm stealing,
She smiles on me kindly and says, "It's not right!"

How happy am I when we walk out together,
How delighted I feel when she leans upon me;
I pray in my heart she may ne'er love another,
And trust I may yet live her guidman to be.

Then my hand will caress her, and steal unforbidden
Into her fair bosom, Love's "dearest retreat;"
In that Fountain of Love what treasures lie hidden!
Rich streams of affection and joys ever sweet.

Oh, would I could loosen her heart's sweet emotions,
And teach them to flow freely forth like a stream
For her name ever mingles in all my devotions,
And when she's beside me it seems like a dream.

Oh Mary, dear lassie! what pain and what pleasure,
We drink from the cup of Love ev'ry day!
The affections must flow ever measure for measure,
Else the heart that begets them must wither away.

HERE'S TO THE BARD.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR.

Here's to the bard whom Scotia sings,
And mourns oft as this day returns;
He is the envied one of kings,
The peasant poet, Robert Burns.
That name this day wide round the earth,
Soon as the evening shadows fall,
Wakes warm response round many a hearth—
Round many a festive hall.

High in the fane where Fame austere
Her chosen few sits to enrol,
She holds high court, and once a year
Graves Burns more deeply on her scroll.
Long as the Scottish heart beats true,
And warms to the Scottish name,

Successive years shall but renew
And add fresh lustre to his fame.

Close round our heart in early days,
While we as yet were bairns a',
We wreathed his name close with his lays,
The bard that lang had passed awa';
And now though far 'neath other skies
Than those where first we heard his strain,
The cherished thought will still arise,
That he was Scotia's and our ain.

Foul fa' the sot, wi' soul obscured,
Wha's pulse nae generous thocht e'er warms,
Wha grubs through life in sense immured,
Insensate to the Poet's charms;
While he whose genial soul expands,
And warms to all, nor seeks return,
Kind Fortune tak' him by the hand,
And mak' his heart the Poet's urn.

FAIR FA' OUR FRIEN'S.—SONG.

AIR—Burns' Farewell to the Masonic Lodge.

Fair fa' our frien's whare'er they be,
Fair fa' them a' that wish us weel;
Weel may they be, by land or sea—
May sorrow never pinch their heel.
Fair fa' the frien' that's gaun awa';
Our kind regards across the main,
He tak's wi' him frae ane an' a',
We hope he'll soon come back again.

It grieves us sair to let him gang,
But weel we ken he canna' stay;
We'll cheer him wi' a partin' sang,
An' then we'll see him on his way.

They're far awa' that need his eare,
I dootna tears are in their ee,
Wha, weary waiting, wonder sair,
Gin they again his face shall see.

Then while we part in hopes to meet,
Hope, shed on him it's brightest ray!
We'll chew the end o' mem'ries sweet,
When he our frien' is far away.
May Memory's glebe be fresh an' green,
May Hope her youthfulness renew,
That from the past we a' may glean
Forget-me-nots our path to strew.

THE DEVIL'S BLESSING, *i. e.*, PRIDE;

OR,

THE COBBLER AND THE PARSON.

A COBBLER sat busy as busy could be,
And he humm'd as he hammer'd his leather,
While the Devil stood waiting and watching to see
By what means he could twist him a tether.

Tap, tap, went the hammer, and slick went the wax,
As the lingen-ends slid through the holes;
"Auld Sootie" did grin when the last sprig went in,
And he *smiled* on this mender of *soles.*

While the body was *busy*, his "Lordship" could wait—
He's an auld-farran, gaye "wide-awake;"
He kens to a hair wha will swallow his bait,
And it's seldom he mak's a *miss*-take.

Tho' skilled in theology deep and profound,
To expound it is not *his* vocation;
But the parsons draw largely on him, I'll be bound,
For *their version* of "predestination."

Overlooking the job, the dark connoisseur,
Ruminating, cam' to this conclusion—
"St. Crispin deserves to be hung by the hair,
For his '*conscience!*' is a' a delusion.

"For, like mony mair things that look fair to the ee,
Such as sepulchres washed wi' lime,
His shoon look as bonnie as ony I see,
But they'll never last half their time.

"His leather is fresh, and no' worth an' auld sang,
Wi' rotten thread he sews on rotten patches;
Oh, I'll gi'e him my blessin' to help him alang!"
Whew! the room smelt of Lucifer matches.

Unseen in his sables "Auld Smeekie" drew near,
And silently gave him his blessin';
So forthwith the poor "snab," as was seen very clear,
Felt himself far aboon his profession.

Frae that minute the snab was an altered man,
The De'il had him *noo* in his tether;
Vain, pompous, and puffy, like "a flash in the pan,"
Pride swell'd up his heart like a blather.

Now Pride, the arch-traitor, the first to rebel
In heaven, when he finds admission
To the heart, he brings imps each as bad as himsel',
And they soon drag a poor wretch to perdition.

The insidious blessing the Devil bestowed,
Like the virus of vaccination,
Began for to work, as it did in the toad,
When it burst with excessive inflation.

"Devil thank them!" quo' he, "now, upon my word,
Of *cobbling* I've more than my share;
If to get their shoon new, folk canna afford,
They maun e'en get them cobbled elsewhere."

To the "big-bugs" alone he wad now condescend,
Their *under-stand-ons* to measure for shoon;
And he raved about "kip," and the best "English bend,"
Till folk thought he'd been struck by the moon.

He "set up" for a paragon, too, in his way,
For the body was glib in the gab,
And aye managed to speak, when he'd naething to say—
This accomplished, intelligent snab.

He was famous for lang-nebbit, jaw-breakin' words,
Things useful, no doubt, in their place;
But he used them as fools use double-edged swords,
Regardless of *person* or *case*.

He held in the church an exalted position,
And, though he never appeared in the choir,
He was sexton, and reckoned a first-rate musician,
On an instrument up in the spire.

He was *deeply* possess'd with *lofty* sense
Of the service he rendered to all;
And he felt quite incensed, while his wrath grew intense,
That his wages should be so small.

"I'll strike," quo' he, "for a sma' advance,
For leather is *up*, de'il tak' it!
And cobbling's *doon*, 'haith! I'll tak' my chance;
Neck or nothing! noo, see what I'll mak' o't."

Primed, loaded, and ready, he *aimed* to *gang aff*,
And discharge at the manse a speech;
But e'er he got there, he *missed* the best half,
And fairly went aff at the breech.

To the step he had ta'en, scarce half reconciled,
Like the ass, when debating it's dinner,
He swithered, and swithered, till he fairly got riled,
An' started aff to see wha'd be the winner.

He was received at the manse in that affable way
So peculiar to the profession,
And His Reverence heard all he had to say
With remarkable self-possession.

"You're aware," quoth the snab, in a mincing tone,
"*How I labor;* and, with your permission,
I would crave an advance in my pay like your own,
Or, faith! I'll resign my commission.

"Your sermons, good sir, may be pointed and sharp;
But, you know it as well's I can tell,
You might preach all your life with the voice of a harp
And in vain—were it not for the *bell.*

"Who is first at his post at Duty's call?
And who makes the greatest noise;
You, or I? tell me, sir. But that is not all;
Don't I also take charge of the boys!"

The parson rejoined: "Let me know when you're tired;
Tho' your wit shines with great effulgence,
I am sorry to say you're no longer required;
You've been spoilt by over indulgence.

"*We can make no advance*, you had better *retire*,
For your hour of grace is past;
You need not take on! why, what makes you perspire?
Go home, man, and *stick* to your *last*."

The advice, tho' well meant, was very ill ta'en—
Fools dinna 'gree weel wi' correction;
Wi' a flea in his lug, he started aff hame,
To chew the cud 'o bitter reflection.

"A bird in the hand is worth twa' in the bush"—
"Snabbie" felt like the dog in the fable,
That lost a' it had when it made such a rush,
To steal frae its shadow a nibble.

As he sat in church now, each Sabbath day,
With a visage more sour than placid,
His thoughts would revert to his leather, that lay
In dilute sulphuric acid.

The most pointed truths on him were lost,
He was proof against conviction;
"Ah, ha!" he would say, "that remark was just—
Neighbor Jones deserved *that* infliction."

In vain did the parson inveigh with power,
Against Avarice, Envy, and Pride;
The souter was dour, he could sit by the hour,
And parry each home-thrust aside.

He thought that the parson was only in jest,
Tho' 'twas scarce a fit place to make fun;
But he knew the old coon was as 'cute as the rest,
At "taking care of *number one*."

Now if parsons themselves would but *act* as they preach—
Make their *own* lives a grand "living epistle"—
'Twould be more *fruitful* of good than a *flowery* speech,
Which, at best, is often empty's a whistle.

MORAL.

Contentment is wealth, and better than gain;
Humility guards the soul;
But Ambition and Pride are labor in vain,
On the road where the Devil takes toll.

THE FATAL FRAY;

OR,

THE POACHER AND THE KEEPER.

"It's a braw nicht!" quo' the poacher bricht,
As he slippet roun' the hill,
"And the starry licht is at its hicht,
And a' thing noo is still."
"Aye, it's a braw nicht!" quo' anither wicht,
That saw, and kent him weel;
'Ye're a bonny fricht, but it's a' richt,
Sae lang's I'm at your heel."

But while he spak', a branch brak',
And the poacher cock'd his gun;
Sae quick his back 'gainst a tree he stack,
For he wasna ane wad run.

"Now, there they go! it's a buck or doe,"
Quo' the poacher to himsel';
Thinks the keeper, "No! it's your mortal foe,
As morning licht will tell."

"For ten miles roun', now I'll be boun',
There's nocht wi' life but game!
Nae keeper-houn', nae human soun',
Nor ocht that bears the name.
They're in the brake, my life I'll stake!
A couple o' fallow deer;
They're in my wake, I heard them shake
The bushes, close by here."

His faith was strang, and he waited lang,
'Till he thocht his ear beguiled;
Quo' he, "I'm wrang!" sae he humm'd a sang,
And passed on to the wild.
But had he kent, as he little tent,
Wha it was brocht up the rear,

He'd a bullet sent, wad ha'e made a dent
Behind the keeper's ear.

As it was, the dawn saw on the lawn,
Before "his Grace's" ha',
The keeper gaun, wi' a shatter'd han',
And a gun-shot through his jaw;
But he'd left his mark 'neath the poacher's sark--
Left him nae mair to breathe;
There was bluidy wark done in the dark,
That nicht upon the heath.

'Twas a sma' affair, 'twas but "a hare!"
That caused the fatal strife;
Yet *some folk* care a great deal mair
For *it* than for *human life.*
They ha'e muckle blame that gi'e their name
For to enforce such laws;
Their plea is lame, they're a country's shame—
On them the dirdum fa's.

THE REQUITAL.

Didst thou not hear
With horror and fear
And fiery indignation,
How England's braves
Were crammed like slaves
In a pestilent ship,
By accursed knaves,
To perish of starvation?

How that their food
Was rank and crude,
A filthy, stinking mass
Of carrion old,
Stowed away in the hold,
That had long been condemned,
And all covered with mould,
Which the Board for their use did *pass*.

The unconscious child
That crow'd and smiled,
The wan and famished mother,
And bearded men,
In that floating den,
Were poisoned like rats
In a poisonous fen,
By those whom they called "*Brother!*"

Yet these were they
From the deadly fray—
The sick, the maimed, the wounded—
Who with glory shone,
From the fields they'd won
In a far-off land,
'Neath a burning sun,
When by the foe surrounded.

Oh! what remeed
For those who bleed,

Who yield their blood like water;
Who risked their lives,
Their babes and wives,
In time of need,
To the butchering knives,
In the red-hot hour of slaughter!

My heart grows sick,
I scarce can speak;
The ingrates! cruel and callous,
Who far outdo
The Sepoy crew,
In atrocious deeds
To a helpless few,
And more richly deserve the gallows.

Oh, that the Lord
Would send a sword,
Terrible, sure, and speedy;
A bolt of fire

In his hottest ire,
To lap them up
In one funeral pyre,
That prey upon the needy!

NOTE.—Our readers have heard of the extraordinary mortality on board the troop-ship Great Tasmania, on the passage from Calcutta to Liverpool. On an inquest before a coroner's jury, it was substantially found that the officers were free from blame; that the military officers and the medical superintendent who accompanied the soldiers on the voyage home, did all that could be done in the circumstances; but that blame rests with the officers in India who inspected the supplies of food and medical comforts. The facts of the case are briefly these: nine hundred and eighty-five discharged soldiers embarked on the 9th November last at Calcutta for England, on board the Great Tasmania. There were also seventeen women and twenty-one children on board, independent of the captain, officers, and crew of the vessel. The voyage occupied four months, and in that period fifty-two men died. On arriving at Liverpool, one hundred and two soldiers were sent to the hospital in cars and spring-carts; one died on the way there, and five others succumbed within four days after. The evidence goes to show that the provisions sent on board at Calcutta, and which had passed inspection, had previously been condemned, and cast aside as unfit for human food; the preserved milk was thrown overboard, as also unfit for use; and the lime-juice was declared by the surgeon in charge "to be unfit for the purposes of medicine." The ventilation of the ship was also very imperfect. One thousand persons were huddled up in a ship on a long voyage, whereas it was stated that not more than five hundred should have been on board.—SCOTTISH AMERICAN JOURNAL.

THE CAPPY WAL.

The cappy wal, down by the burnside,
Where aft, lang-syne, at gloaming I wad gae;
Aft *skail'd* the water for to mak' a slide,
Aft on a tile gaed hurling doon the brae.

Aft ha'e I watched till "daddie" was at tea,
And "mither" busy pitten weans to bed;
Then oot I'd steal, my lassie's mow to pree,
As by the wal our willing footsteps led.

Fu' mony a ploy has been concocted there,
And sowthered o'er a drap o' "Adam's ale;"
'Twas there the lads wad "tryste" the lasses fair,
And, aiblins, help them hameward wi' their pail.

Aft when stravaigin' far awa' frae hame,
To gather haws or seek a cushat's nest;
Or "trootin'" barefoot in some distant stream,
I'd seek the wal ere I gaed hame to rest.

The halesome beverage o' nature's brew,
That ne'er excites, but cools the fevered pow,
Went blithely round at the auld rendezvous,
As auld an' young sat chattin' on the knowe.

The ancient grannies wi' their toothless gums,
I mind them weel, tho' I was "a young shaver,"
Their sapient noddles o'er their cardy-mums,
Wad mump and "*jow*" in cosie clish-ma-claver.

'Bout "this" and "that," how bravely they could crack,
Some absent neebor's business to dissec';
And bite like fleas ahent the ither's back,
And measure a' their fauts oot by the peck.

Till some kind body 'mangst them then wad tell
  Aboot the time when they were lassies a'—
How "Jock" or "Tam," now the guidman himsel',
  First cam' to court and carry her awa'.

The "dream of life" seemed bright'ning up anew,
  As they dilated on "the ghost of time;"
And "lang-syne joys" a' passed in grand review,
  As Memory's bells rung out their merry chime.

The eyes of age, when outward objects fail
  To leave the impress vivid on the brain,
May inward turn, nor at the loss bewail,
  But browse at large on Memory's vast domain.

Oh, blessed power! which thus with truth can trace
  The vanished Past—the shadows flitting there;
Recalls the lost, and brings us face to face
  With absent dear ones, past the reach of care.

The mind's refraction upon life's extreme,
That mystic state to which the spirit wins;
Which proves this life is not "an idle dream,"
That in the *past* the *future life* begins.

INDEPENDENCE

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thee will I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!"

SMOLLETT'S *Ode to Independence*

HARD is the crust that Independence gains,
'A peck o' troubles" often it sustains;
A bitter draught it gets to wash it down,
The caustic sneer, the insolent cynic's frown.
The veriest slaves can better fare procure,
Their bread is ready and their water sure;
'Tis slaves alone that eat the sweetest bread,
And softest pillows prop the servile head;
Naught with their stomachs e'er can disagree,
The vilest crumbs, spiced with indignity,
Go sweetly down, no danger of surfeit,
While their debasement gets them aught to eat.

Like puppy lap-dogs, spoilt while patronized,
E'en by their patrons heartily despised;
Ready to bark whenever they are told,
With little favors they are bought and sold.
While he who dares to feast on *self-respect*,
The honest man, who walks with form erect,
Is made the *butt* of every envious shaft;
War to the knife, aye, even to the haft,
Is quick declared, and from his unseen foes,
Sharp persecution follows where he goes;
The envious curs at him will howl and bark,
And watch to bite behind and in the dark;
While wide-mouthed Slander baying at his heel,
Bites like an adder in its noxious zeal.
Behold the man from all this filth refined,
Who owns no master but the Master-mind;
Who walks through life communing with his God,
And only bows to his correcting rod;
These abject things that so beset his path,
Excite his pity only, not his wrath;

He views them all with nostrils wide distended,
The fire and cloud are in his visage blended;
With glowing eye and thin lip firm compress'd,
He is a king, though as a beggar dress'd.

THE SWORD OF TRUTH.

Truth is not always loved for its own sake;
Irreverent hands do oft the falchion take,
And use it, 'cause its glittering edge is keen,
To make a wound where it may least be seen.
Let those who use it thus, let them take heed,
Lest it should prove a two-edged sword indeed;
A sword thus used that ever cuts both ways,
More oft the smiter than the smitten slays.

LOVE, PURITY, AND TRUTH

Ah, touch it not! touch not the tempting bowl;
Within the cup a cruel tyrant lies,
Who would usurp dominion o'er thy soul,
And wake "the gnawing worm" that never dies.

Avoid the path where Dissipation strays,
Amid the flowers the poisoned thorns do grow,
Which unto death, "eternal death," betrays
The soul that seeks its fleeting joys to know.

Oh, let your heart's pure aspirations rise
To Him who planted them within your breast;
'Tis He alone can yield those sweet supplies,
Which He in mercy knows for thee is best.

Let Love's sweet influence o'er thy soul preside,
And in your heart exert its genial sway;
Let Purity and Truth your thoughts adorn and guide,
And light thy path, and cheer thee on thy way.

THE DRUNKARD.

Ye see yon poor wretch, he looks haggard and wild,
Yet his fierce hollow eyes once looked softly and mild,
And his rude caustic laugh, a mere mockery of mirth,
Was a sweet plaintive cry at the hour of his birth.
With premature age he stoops as he walks;
He thinks he is wise, yet he raves as he talks;
He laughs them to scorn who advise him for good,
And his children half-clothed go abroad to seek food.
He has not a home, it is only a den,
And the children, poor things, are like pigs in a pen;
They fly at his coming, for there's nothing they dread
Half so much as their father when drink's in his head.

The image of God from his soul is effaced,
And the figure of Man is most foully disgraced.
Yet he's welcome 'mong men when his purse is well filled,
For there's nothing so vile that gold cannot gild;
He jokes with the best when liquor's the theme,
And goes home like a tyrant, to curse and blaspheme;
And the dark sullen scowl which his countenance shades,
Shows the power it exerts over those it degrades.

KEEP YOUR HEART CHEERY!

KEEP your heart cheery! I will wander no more;
No more shalt thou wistfully watch my returning;
Already, in thought, I am back on the shore,
And behold in thy chamber-light love's beacon burning.
Keep your heart cheery!

Keep your heart cheery! tho' freely I mingle
With those sweet and fair as the flowers on the lea,
The soft thrilling tones that make the heart tingle,
Have been strange to my ears since I parted from thee.
Keep your heart cheery!

Keep your heart cheery! for thee, mine is bleeding;
Tho' the time may seem long, I will soon come again,
For I know that Love's poor, famished heart is aye needing
To be soothed by a kindred heart close to its ain.
Keep your heart cheery!

Fancy is busy portraying our meeting,
Memory aids her in weaving the spell,
And the bright arch of promise to the hour of our meeting,
Glows deeper in glory from the hour of farewell.
Keep your heart cheery!

SONG OF THE FREEMAN.

Our fathers died to make us free,
Our mothers bent to Heaven the knee,
Beseeching they might live to see
Freedom's battle won.

Our freedom with their blood was bought,
Our sires through death and carnage fought,
Trusting Heaven and fearing naught,
Detesting slavery.

Through many a well-contested field
They learned to fight but ne'er to yield;
God was their hope, and strength, and shield,
And comforter withal.

Now by that God who rules on high,
Be "Freedom" still the battle cry;
Rather to-night in death we'll lie,
Than live and be subdued.

For we have little ones, I trow!
They're growing up about us now,
Who yet may be compelled to bow
To despots' iron rule,

If we prove faithless to our trust,
And leave the "patriot's sword" to rust
In ignominious sloth and dust,
While brethren cry for aid.

Let freedom's banner be unfurled,
And circling round, enfold the world;
Let tyrants and their tools be hurled
Into one common grave.

Oh! ne'er let despots gain the sway,
Else shall our glory pass away,
Like the last flickering streaks of day,
Before the shades of night.

NEVER SHRINK NOR YET KNOCK UNDER.

Tho' persecution rage and storm,
And shake the moral world like thunder;
Tho' man is crushed before the worm,
Never shrink nor yet knock under.

With stern resolve confront the world,
Its wisest men are apt to blunder;
Tho' sneers and scorns be at you hurled,
Never shrink nor yet knock under.

True Independence, lofty tree,
Tho' boughs toward heaven it sends a hunder,
Firm fixed in Truth its root must be,
Else none could e'er find shelter under.

What tho' the brutal tyrant's frown
Makes menials crouch in awe and wonder;
True manhood wears the better crown,
Then never shrink nor yet knock under.

The brightest gems on monarch's brow
Are often but the fruits of plunder;
To empty titles never bow,
But stand erect and ne'er knock under.

Such baubles only fools will prize—
E'en for them rend all ties asunder;
But the truly great will them despise,
Then never stoop nor yet knock under.

With rank folks oft disease inherit—
They're baith a *warning* and a *wonder;*
Their wealth is not the "test of merit,"
Then never stoop nor yet knock under.

Let such as they count up their gains,
E'en reckon millions by the hunder;
Their wealth can never buy the brains,
Then never shrink nor yet knock under.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

Poor body! I often tax my brain,
An' wonder if ye're weel;
I hope we soon may meet again,
An' Fortune turn her wheel.

I wonder that ye dinna write,
As ye were wont to do;
I couldna be sae impolite
As no' to write to you.

I'm sure I never did express
A word that could offend;
But ever prayed that God would bless,
And keep my little friend.

If ye ha'e pen an' ink at hand,
The postage is na dear,
Sit doun an' gie's a canny crack,
An' just mak' a' thing clear.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS C. F.

Beloved! I ne'er can return,
I must ever in exile remain;
Alas! I must live but to mourn
That I ne'er shall behold thee again.

On my heart, in its secret core,
Your image is graven there;
And tho' Hope now charms no more,
It still wrestles with Despair.

We are both grown up now in years,
And my heart is still fondly thine,
As when we first parted in tears,
In the happy days of lang-syne.

For years I have tried to forget
That your coldness gave me pain;
And tho' pride would forbid me, yet
I would sue for thy love once again.

Ah! how often, in my dreams,
Do I drink with deep delight
Of Affection's purest streams,
In the slumbers of the night.

There's an aching void to fill
When those visions of joy depart,
That mocks my fancy still,
And plays with the strings of my heart.

The affection which I cherish,
Tho' perhaps thou'lt ne'er be mine,
Shall, tho' this body perish,
Unite my soul to thine.

For Love can never die,
  Tho' 'tis oft obscured below;
When we meet again on high,
  Then a happier love we'll know.

The affections of the heart
  Are links of that great chain,
Which, when in death we part,
  Shall unite us all again.

In bonds of purest love,
  In communion of the soul,
We shall live in Heaven above,
  While eternal ages roll.

WILLIE'S DEATH.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—JAMES iv., 14.

As flowers die, ere yet they blow,
Or fade away on a broken bough;
As stars wane at the coming dawn,
When night's dark mantle is withdrawn;
As fleecy mists at early morn
By summer's heat are upward borne,
Absorbed into the coming day,
While yet they're seen they fleet away;
As dews distil in balmy night,
As twilight sheds its vapory light;
As shadows on the dial fall,
Just tell the time and that is all;

As thirsty sun drinks of the sea,
As faith looks to eternity,
So soft, so still, so lost to sense,
Our Saviour took our darling hence.
Tho' in the grave he lies so cold,
He's now a lamb of Jesus' fold;
For He who "doeth all things well,"
"He keeps the keys of Death and Hell."
Death, therefore, cannot come alone,
Christ sends his angels for his own.
A little mound now marks the place
Where "Willie" sleeps. His little face,
And speaking eye, so soft, and kind,
Are ever present to my mind,
Till feeble nature yields at last
In tears to memory of the past.
Tho' cold the pillow where his head
Lies in the City of the Dead,
And tho' corruption and the worm
Feast on his frail and tender form

With greedy appetite, and keen,
And hold their carnival unseen—
Where darkness shrouds, as with a pall,
The orgies of the banquet hall;
Yet every atom of his dust,
God shall revive, and readjust
In beauty, and in harmony,
And clothe with immortality.

THE PET O' US A'.

Muckle trouble did we ha'e wi' the dear little bairn,
And now he's lyin' cauld—cauld as the airn;
For mony weary nichts, an' mony weary days,
We ne'er got lyin' doon, nor took aff oor claes;
But I feel tho' he's gane that it's a' for the best,
My pettie's no' lost, he's just gane to his rest.

He was fashious an' cross, as mony bairns are,
When the teething is hard an' the nerves are ajar;
He wad beg first to ane, an' then to anither,
Now to his faither, and then to his mither,
An' whimper an' cry wi' a look sae fu' o' pain,
Which said, "O try an' help me," in a language o' its ain.

He was fevered an' restless, the dear little lamb!
His thumbs turned in to the centre o' the palm,
Till choked wi' the phlem, an' convulsed in his frame,
Oh! what I then endured I could never live to name;
But I felt a' the time that angels were there,
Waiting to tak' my child under their care.

In a bath heated up to eighty degrees,
We plunged his little feet an' legs up to the knees;
Oh, how painful to watch the long semblance of death,
And the long, hard gasps as he strove to get breath;
But it pleased Him that gave to tak' him awa',
An' I ken He kens best what is guid for us a'.

Sae ye mauna think I'm vexed if I sit doon an' greet
When I think I hear the patter o' his dear wee feet,
For, oh! there's a spot in my heart that grows sair
When I look oot on the hill-side an' ken he's lyin' there—
Lyin' in the cauld, 'neath a blanket o' snaw,
The dear, wee, gentle lammie, the pet o' us a'.

THE AULD MAN'S MANE.

Oh, wae's me, noo, my Peggy's gane;
  Wha'd thocht I'd live to close her e'e?
She's in the mools—I'm a' alane—
  There's no ane left that cares for me.

Oh, weel I mind when she was young,
  An' blythe's the lambkin on the brae;
The kindly word aye graced her tongue,
  Wi' winning, sweet simplicity.

The day I ea'd the lassie mine,
  She'd jimply measured oot her teens;
I bless that day—I've proved sin syne—
  "A loving wife's the best o' frien's."

But, noo she's gane, what do I here?
I'm auld, an' fushenless, an' dry;
Her loving voice upon my ear
Nae mair my senses can descry.

Our bairnies, they went on before;
They've entered a' that state o' rest
Which, in our God, remains in store
For a' that love and serve Him best.

Then, wha wad thole to bide the ban
O' worldly cares when they grow auld?
There's few put up wi' an auld man,
To him the world grows aye mair cauld.

They ca' me aye a fashious carl;
Auld folk aye are in the way;
It's time for me to leave the warl',
When a' I love ha'e pass'd away.

I dinna grumble at my fate,
Tho' steep's the brae I ha'e to climb:
"In patient weel-doing I will wait
The days o' my appointed time."

It isna lang I'll ha'e to brave
Neglect, an' scorn, an' words unkind;
Ae foot's already in the grave,
The ither's tottering close behind.

I wadna tak' anither lease
O' this frail tenement o' clay;
I'm weary noo to be at peace—
I'm ready noo to pass away.

Life at best is but a vision,
Transient, shadowy, and obscure;
There's nothing sure but strict revision
O' a' our thochts an' acts impure.

Death! What is it? Dissolution?
No. Tho' *its* shadow's dark an' broad,
The only death's the soul's pollution,
The only life is life in God.

THINK NOT, ON YOU ALONE.

Think not, on you alone
The clouds of sorrow fall;
"In patience keep thy soul,"
Death is the lot of all.

"The earth belongs to God,"
Wilt thou His ways arraign?
All things therein are His to give,
Or His for to retain.

Consider thou *thy* ways,
Thy passions all control;
Lest suddenly thou be cut off,
With His wrath on thy soul.

Behold, all things of earth,
  However fair they seem,
Shall pass forever from thy sight,
  As fictions of a dream.

Is it for wealth you pine?
  Or do you fame desire?
Or does unholy lust of power
  Burn up your soul like fire?

"Who hastens to be rich,
  Shall not escape the rod;"
Too oft the way that leads to wealth,
  Leads far away from God.

"The straight and narrow path,"
  How hard it is to choose!
The cares of life so intervene,
  All track of it we lose.

Even when the way we see,
How oft we compromise,
And serve by turns the living God,
And the father of all lies.

Is poverty thy lot?
Ask not "What have I done?"
It is thy cross, go, take it up,
And say "Thy will be done!"

God tries in sundry ways
The temper of the mind;
He some afflicts with troubled days,
While some his favor find.

Oh, envy not the great!
Peace is not always theirs;
Whatever joys fall to their lot
Are eaten up by cares.

Is plenty at thy board?
Of this thing be thou sure,
Thou'rt but the delegate of God
To aid and feed the poor.

"By prudence, and by skill;
By industry, and care;
By foresight, and integrity,
Ye now are what ye are?"

Yes; and by the grace of God!
The Father of us all:
Without whose leave ye could not thrive,
Nor could a sparrow fall.

All are not blessed alike;
Yet God, no doubt, is kind;
'Tis He gives wealth of intellect,
And treasures of the mind.

Some rank to angels nigh,
Some show the cloven foot,
And some are but a little way
Removed above the brute;

With instincts weak and vile,
With passions fierce and strong,
All moral sense completely lost,
They scarce know right from wrong.

Oh, ye, the favored ones!
Thank God upon your knees;
Thank Him with heartfelt gratitude,
Ye are not one of these.

And yet God cares for them;
We have it in His word;
Then kindly act and kindly speak,
Be workers with the Lord.

God in person cannot come,
It is not in His plan;
But He designs each should assist
And help his fellow man.

'Tis He who wisdom gives,
And He can take away,
And turn to maniac to-morrow
The savan of to-day.

FIRST LOVE.

Far o'er the tide of bygone years,
  Like echoes from a distant shore,
A spirit voice in Fancy's ear
  Sings of the joys that come no more.

My boyhood's dream of early love,
  A feeling strange and undefined,
Which shed, like halo from above,
  Its mystic glory on the mind.

The latent fire of love supreme
  Consumed the altar where it burned,
And like the fiery pillar's beam,
  Lit up my path where'er I turned.

How oft within that holy place,
Where God His creatures loves to greet,
I've dwelt with rapture on her face,
Whose loving gaze I could not meet.

Each time her eyes would rest on me,
I could instinctively divine ;
Yet dared not raise mine own to see,
But *felt* that they *were seeking mine.*

And while the pious man of God
'Gainst "idol worship" would declaim,
I raised an idol in my heart,
And loved to call it by her name.

It was a creature of mine own,
Her image mirrored on the mind,
That nigh shook reason from its throne,
And smoke and ashes left behind.

I see it still, that melting eye,
That tender, pleading, wistful look!
'Twere vain to analyze, or try
To paint, or write it in a book.

AH! NEVER SMILE ON ME AGAIN.

Ah! never smile on me again with thy sweet smile,
Nor let thine eye's soft electricity beam on me more;
It flashes on my soul with joy a little while,
To leave me more intensely wretched than before.

WINTER.

Oft when the winter should prevail most keen,
Surprised we see flowers springing on the green.
Oh, simple little things! confiding flowers,
To trust the transient sunshine, the genial showers!
These but deceive; the winter still is king:
The smile he wears is borrowed from the spring.
Like other monarchs cramped with regal care,
He comes *incog.* to see how others fare;
His regal vestments laid aside the while,
His rigid features thawed into a smile;
The hoary crown which he was wont to wear,
Hath passed away; behold, his head is bare;
His snowy mantle dropping from his hold,
Is rent, and torn, and soiled in every fold;

Like some old sot he comes with staggering gait,
And nerves relaxed, succumbing to his fate,
Or like a beggar wanders in the street,
His shoes awry and shachling on his feet,
Scarce recognized by those who loved him most.
The monarch's dead; in fact, he's but a ghost.
But see the giant from his trance awake;
He starts erect, he gives himself a shake—
The treasured snows come tumbling round his ears;
Before his frown the green earth disappears;
The Powers of Air are harnessed to his car;
Nature and the elements are now at war;
His rude pursuivant, Boreas, issues forth,
His frigid vestments woven in the North,
He every door, and post, and awning tries,
Malicious mischief gleaming in his eyes;
His crispy foliage on the glass he forms,
Irreverent mocker of the "laws of storms!"
As like a king this courier rushes past,
All meaner monarchs tremble in the blast;

The stately pines in every fibre shake—
Their grand salaam in low obeisance make,
Then towering high their heads and arms wave,
And stoop to earth, submissive as a slave.
The mighty oaks, by many a century reared,
Veterans of years, by many lightnings seared—
Those forest fathers, bowed in every limb,
Now shriek and moan in agony at him.
Leaving the forest to groan with inward pain,
Sweeping round the hills, he stretches o'er the plain;
With rude assault he meets you in the street,
Spits in your face the blinding hail and sleet,
Flaps his great wings like some huge bird of prey,
Screeches in your ear and warns you away.
Winter installed again upon his throne,
Hastens to make his power and presence known:
He makes the hills and naked mountains shiver,
Stretches his truncheon over land and river,
Strangles the fountains far up at their source,
The rivers paralyze midway in their course,

Fetters the earth, her vital power restrains,
Freezes the moisture trickling in her veins;
Prostrate she lies, inanimate, at rest;
Her flowery offspring perish on her breast.

HERE'S TO

OUR DEAR "AULD MITHER."

HERE's to our dear "auld mither," lads!
  Auld Scotia's still hersel',
And just as weel as e'er she's been
  Since Rome's proud empire fell.

She's still the same warm, sonsie queen
  That she was lang, lang syne,
She doffs her bannet unto nane,
  And bows at nae ane's shrine.

Her silent sentinels of years,
  In majesty sublime,
Are vigilant as e'er they were
  Since the first dawn of time.

Their beetling brows and hoary pows,
Wi' bannets o' the snaw,
Tell what she's been, and what she'll be
When ages pass awa'.

In bluidy strife, when knocks are rife,
And swords ha'e to be drawn,
She's still the first to slake her thirst,
When done, to stay her han'.

Her's isna that atrocious mood,
Our nature's warst perversion,
That ruffian appetite for blood
That worries for diversion—

That stirs the pot o' human ills,
And, "*wars for an idea*,"
That meditates to cut your throat
While saying, "The Lord be wi' ye!"

On reekin' fields o' Eastern Ind'
The bluidy har'st was checket,
Her keen claymore reap'd as of yore,
And made her name respecket.

The Cyclops lang ha'e tint their job,
Since Scotland lit her forges;
And Etna glooms, and sulks, and *fumes*,
While she their fire disgorges.

For Carron noo lichts up the mirk,
Wi' wark for mony a studdy,
And Vulcan he gangs to the kirk,
Just like a Christian body.

Wi' halesome parritch on the board,
And sowens in a bicker,
Auld Scotia's sons, *second to nane*,
Still mak' her motto sicker.

HOPE ON!

"Hope on?" ah, yes, I'll still hope on!
For happy days to come, and your sweet love;
In many a sad, unhappy day bygone,
'Twas Hope alone did all my solace prove.

Hope's gilded banner ever o'er me waves,
Beneath its ample folds I oft repose;
And while my heart forever for thee craves,
Hope's radiant smile beguiles me of my woes.

Tho' Friendship's links be rudely snapp'd in twain,
And sweetest ties of Love should droop and die;
Tho' dear departed ones come not to us again,
Hope gilds the tomb where dust of ages lie.

Hope on! tho' heaven and earth should pass away,
And gathered be together like a scroll;
Tho' all created nature perish and decay,
Hope still shall comfort and sustain my soul.

MY BLESSING ON MY MARY'S EE.

My blessing on my Mary's ee,
My blessing on her happy smile;
She grows each day more dear to me,
Her merry laugh is free frae guile.

I kissed her anee, I tried again,
My heart seem'd bounding frae my breast,
My blood it daneed in every vein,
My very breathing felt oppress'd.

I drew her nearer to my side,
I pressed her nearer to my heart;
I strove in vain my love to hide,
I couldna frae my lassie part.

I smoothed her hair, I kiss'd her brow,
I laid her warm cheek to mine,
And inwardly I made a vow,
She'd ne'er be ither's lass but mine.

My hand it wandered o'er her form,
My heartstrings thrilled with ecstacy;
Oh, who reserved for such a worm
As I, so much felicity!

I pressed her bosom soft and fair,
My soul swam in a sea of bliss;
Oh, I could rest forever there,
To drink such heavenly happiness.

When sadd'ning thoughts oppress my brain,
When e'en for life I scarcely care,
Oh, I would rest me there again,
To heal my heart when it is sair.

My aching head, when I shall die,
I fain would nestle on her breast;
Oh, I would in the arms lie,
O' her, the lassie I lo'e best.

Oh, may the God who rules above,
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
Preserve for me my Mary's love,
And guard it with a jealous eye.

Oh, may His arms ever be
Around my lassie a' her days,
And keep her warm heart for me,
And I His name will ever praise.

Though I should mourn in silent woe,
O'er withered hopes and heartstrings torn,
Oh, may my lassie never know
The garb of misery I have worn.

Oh, God, my Father! keep her still,
  Whate'er for me Thou hast in store;
I'll bow submissive to Thy will,
  But guard my lassie, I implore.

LOVE DEFINED.

A MORAL blindness hangs around
Our souls, while we to sin are bound,
Which hides from us the truth profound
We otherwise would know.

Love is a vast community
Of spirits, in their purity
Existing as a Unity—
Father, Spirit, Son.

When we a brother do offend,
Or wrong some gentle, trusting friend,
'Tis to ourselves we, in the end,
Will find the injury done.

Our spirits each are part of Him
Who died those spirits to redeem,
And holy angels sing the theme
Throughout eternity.

As particles of mercury draw
Together by a mutual law,
So there's a power aboon us a'
Shall make our spirits one.

Each particle a separate part,
An emblem of the human heart,
Ready impulsively to start
And mingle with the mass.

Love is the power which controls
The sweet emotions of our souls;
Even as the needle to the pole,
Our spirits point to God.

SLANDER.

Cursed be the wretch that plies the slanderous art;
Whose tongue distils the venom of his heart;
Too much the coward to use the assassin's knife,
Yet stabs in secret, taking more than life;
Whose rotten soul, breathed out upon the air,
Falls like the mildew upon all things fair;
With festering lips, in whispers low, in fear,
Drops subtile poison on the willing ear.
Cursed be those ears that drink it greedy in,
And, *by enduring, propagate the sin:*
May Truth ne'er shine upon their path again;
May Falsehood's dark miasma of the brain
Fall thick and heavy—compass them about,
Nor leave a chink whereby they may *creep* out;

May they be shunned as the foul, stagnant air
Of some dark pit when death is lurking there.
May all who court the darkness of a lie
To screen their deeds and hide them from the eye;
Who, wilfully perverse, still shun the path that's straight,
Prefer to enter at the widest gate;
Whose simplest act, whate'er they do or say,
Must still be done in Falsehood's crooked way;
May they be forced with their own thoughts to dwell,
Intensified, to constitute a hell.

"SILLER."

THERE! gi'e me your loof, ye're a lad to my likin',
You've lang had my heart, as brawly ye ken;
Tho' I ne'er had a purse worth the trouble o' pykin',
Yet I've aye had a something to spen' or to len'.

Tho' Poverty noo is by mony consider'd,
If not exactly a crime, something fully as bad—
A thing to be shunn'd as the leper that's wither'd;
An' there's nane muckle thocht o' that's no' nicely clad.

But a' comp'ny's proper whence the puir are excluded,
An' "gentility" noo just consists in bein' braw;
An' Poverty's neb, when by chance 'tis obtruded
'Mang the "non-such" *élite*, gangs aye straucht to the wa'.

Tho' "siller is guid in its place when it's needed,
An' a wee pickle's guid against a rainy day,"
Its guidness a' lies in the way that it's guided,
An' the love o't leads folk gaye an' often astray.

Oh, I'd rather be puir an' poverty-stricken,
Than gae harle i' the glaur wi' a crime on my hand;
Or let Avarice ride on my back, an' be smitten
Wi' a petrified heart, to be ever sae grand!

There's him that lives in yon braw house on the hillock,
Wi' his equipage, liveried flunkies, an' a',
Ilka seam in the wa' has the life-bluid intill it,
O' puir creatures wha's bread he embezzled awa'.

Oh, Jamie, it's awfu', the pride an' delusion—
The glamour that blinds folk to a' thing that's richt!
Nae wonder the Lord is sae lang o' infusin'
Into our dark natures ae bit spark o' His licht.

For "crime is nae langer a crime" if the villain
Will disburse o' his plunder to buy himsel' aff.
"*Money is life.*" If he but part wi' it willin',
The hale weight o' law becomes lichter than caff.

What tho' his red hand wi' the bluid be still reekin'!
It matters e'en little tho' he's caught in the act;
There are creatures so base, they are found without seekin',
To "exculpate" would try with most consummate tact.

A *scale* ower his ee gars the judge see obliquely,
And he leniently looks on the hand raised to kill—
Exhausts all his legal acumen up weekly,
To prove Justice a farce, and the Law to be *nil.*

Truth and Justice look on, involved in amazement,
As his vision grows dim 'neath the gold cataract,
Whose talents but prove his own utter debasement,
As he becomes "*an accomplice after the fact.*"

Do they think that the Lord wi' deeds sae' unholy
Will never get weary? never say they do wrang?
He'll eatch them a' yet i' the net o' their folly,
An' shut-to Mercy's door in their face wi' a bang!

Oh, Jamie, what's siller when wantin' His blessin',
Wha has a' thing to gi'e that we want or can crave!
His presence is wealth far aboon my expressin',
We'll mak' aye sure o' that, He'll look after the lave.

Deed, Catty, I think you're a rale clever lassie!
An' I aye ga'e ye credit for gumption an' sense;
Ye're as wise as a witch; ye're the crown o' the causey;
There are folk wi' less wut wha mak' greater pretence.

We're ower apt to brag o' our progress in knowledge,
Our Christian virtues an' science galore;
An' blaw, when we come reekin' het frae the college,
How we've distanced the folk o' "dark ages" before;

How our forebears lang-syne were a' barbarous kilties,
An' kent little or naething 'boot justice or law;
But you've shown it as clear as the sun in the lift is,
That e'en in our ain day the great fish eat the sma'.

HEART MEMORIES.

Ah! where is the hand that so fondly caress'd me,
And made my flesh tingle with pleasure all o'er?
And his dear beloved voice, which so tenderly bless'd me,
Is it silent in death? shall I hear it no more?

Oh, how strange is the feeling that often creeps o'er me!
That he is still near me, my fond heart believes;
And I feel, tho' his arms were still clasp'd around me;
I turn to behold him, but 'tis fancy deceives.

Ah, those joys, like a dream, how their memory haunts me!
Tho' they wake in my bosom but an echo of pain,
Yet still, my fond fancy delights to review them,
And call them all up into being again.

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